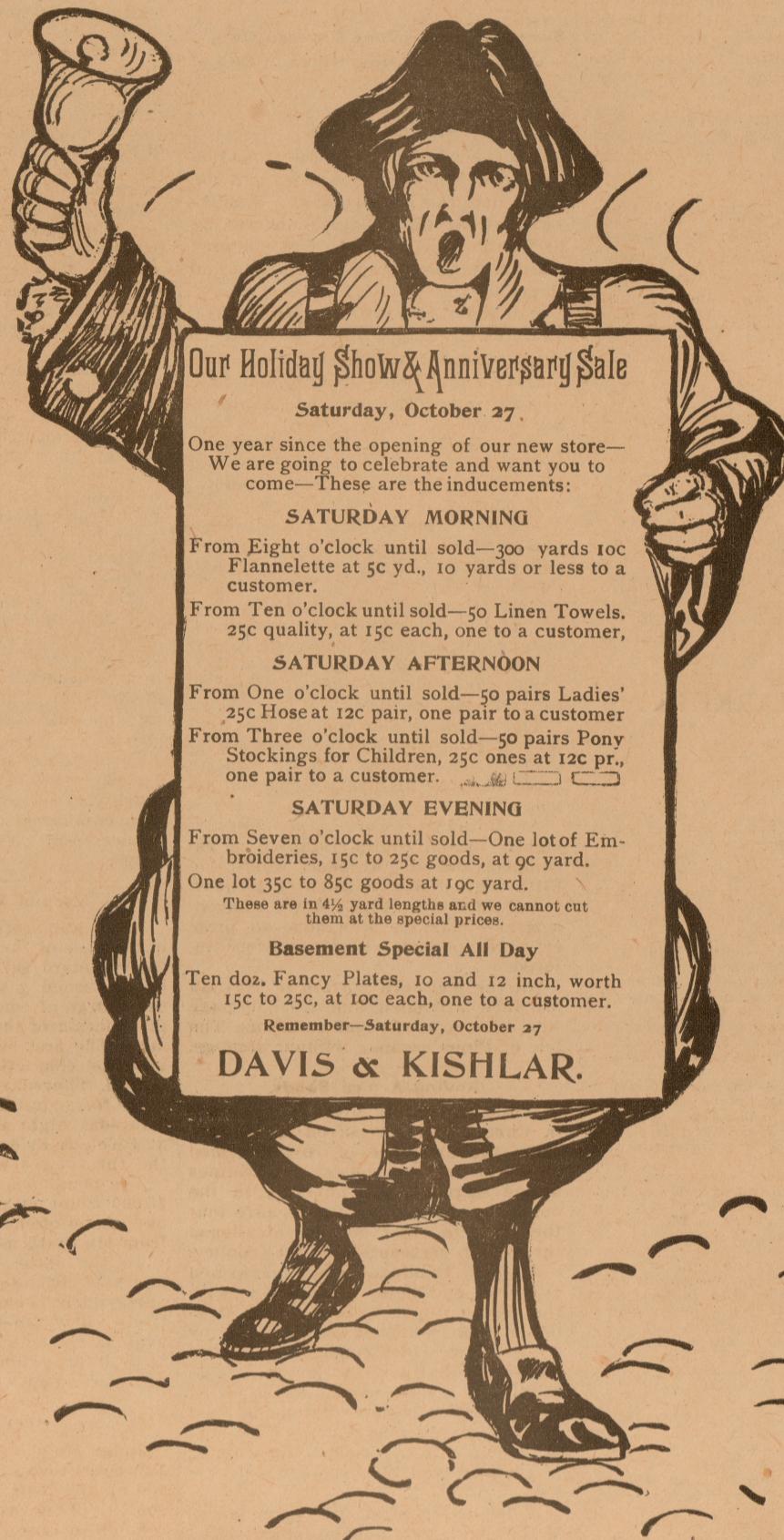


# The Ypsilantian

TWENTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, OCT. 25, 1906.

NUMBER 1399



## Our Holiday Show & Anniversary Sale

Saturday, October 27.

One year since the opening of our new store—We are going to celebrate and want you to come—These are the inducements:

### SATURDAY MORNING

From Eight o'clock until sold—300 yards 10c Flannelette at 5c yd., 10 yards or less to a customer.

From Ten o'clock until sold—50 Linen Towels, 25c quality, at 15c each, one to a customer.

### SATURDAY AFTERNOON

From One o'clock until sold—50 pairs Ladies' 25c Hose at 12c pair, one pair to a customer.

From Three o'clock until sold—50 pairs Pony Stockings for Children, 25c ones at 12c pr., one pair to a customer.

### SATURDAY EVENING

From Seven o'clock until sold—One lot of Embroideries, 15c to 25c goods, at 9c yard.

One lot 35c at 12c each, one to a customer. These are in 4½ yard lengths and we cannot cut them at the special prices.

### Basement Special All Day

Ten doz. Fancy Plates, 10 and 12 inch, worth 15c to 25c, at 10c each, one to a customer.

Remember—Saturday, October 27

DAVIS & KISHLAR.

local legion has now forwarded to Hartford, Conn., was prominent in the decorations. Cards of introduction were used, and a proverb guessing contest and music by Misses Hunter and Ross, followed by light refreshments occupied the evening. The legion found many who are members of the legions elsewhere who are willing to join in the work here, and expect much aid from those who were attracted to the legion by what they learned at the reception.

Mrs. D. C. Ross and Mrs. Banghart of Strathroy, Ont., spent Sunday with their nephew, J. E. McGregor.

L. C. McLouth and Mortimer Tower returned Monday from the exposition and meeting of the American Street Railway and Interurban Association at Columbus, O. The exhibits occupied the grounds and six buildings of the Ohio State Fair Association, and were on the most lavish scale. The Carnegie Steel Co. had a long stretch of track showing their new steel ties, the General Electric Co. occupied one side of a great building, and the exhibits in all represented a value of many thousands of dollars and \$76,000,000 of capital. The gentlemen stayed over to the Michigan-Ohio State football game and said that it was as pretty and even a contest as one could wish, the best of feeling prevailing. Garrels was a wonder in every play, and his place kick for goal and the Ohio safety that made the six points for Michigan that won the game came at the very end of a great contest with no score, that kept the spectators thrilled every minute.

The Baptist Missionary Union held its annual meeting in the chapel Friday afternoon, and listened to a set of reports that were very satisfactory. The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Frank Arnold; 1st vice-president, Mrs. Marietta Gill; 2d vice-president, Mrs. A. J. Hutchins; secretary, Mrs. G. C. Lawrence; home missions treasurer, Mrs. D. E. Wilber; foreign mission treasurer, Mrs. S. E. Howe. After the business meeting Mrs. Annis Gray sang several songs and Miss Josephine Davidson of Ann Arbor gave two readings.

Mr. and Mrs. John Klopp of Elkhart, Ind., are guests of Mrs. James Court.

The Pi Kappa Sigma Sorority have pledged Misses Sadie Lowden, Marguerite Showerman and Ruby Rouse of Ypsilanti, Edith Phillips of Armada and Gladys Brown of Union City.

Amon Shaw and Mrs. James Clark attended the quarterly meeting service at Cone last week.

J. P. Clarke, J. L. Millspaugh, E. C. Allen, and B. R. Hoffman of the Ypsi-Annnelton, and B. R. Hoffman of the Ypsi-Annnelton, attended the Street Railway and Interurban Association meeting at Columbus, O., last week.

Gen. and Mrs. Fred W. Green of Ionia called on Ypsilanti friends Sunday on their way home from an auto trip to Detroit. The General has become an expert chauffeur.

Miss Frances Goetz gave a birthday party Saturday, her young friends enjoying a delightful time. Dainty refreshments were served at prettily decorated tables.

Roy S. Head, for two years the Normal's star basketball center and now teaching science at Nashville, was severely burned in the face while trying to blow out an alcohol lamp during an experiment. It is feared his eyes were seriously injured.

Mrs. DeForrest Ross attended the State Federation of Women's clubs at Benton Harbor last week and is spending some time with friends in that vicinity. We are indebted to her for papers containing an account of the proceedings.

The school savings this week amounted to \$32,99, distributed as follows: Central, \$14.83; Woodruff, \$15.59; Prospect, \$2.38; Adams, 18 cents. Three bank book transfers were made.

A. A. Watkins, the new night operator at the M. C. R. R. station, has moved his family here. Mrs. Watkins has been spending some time in Indiana.

H. P. Thompson of Stony Creek was a welcome visitor at this office Saturday.

The Komo Club was charmingly entertained by Mrs. E. B. Gooding Friday evening. A guessing contest provided much interest and the first prize was won by Miss Kate McFetridge and the second by Miss Anna Coates. The club will hold a Hallowe'en social at the home of Mrs. Willoughby, Oct. 30.

Erman Scott has returned from the Upper Peninsula, where he has been teaching at Curtis the past six months. His return completes the Midget basketball team that was so efficient at the gymnasium last winter.

The choral union course at Ann Arbor opens Friday evening, Oct. 26, with the incomparable contralto, Mme. Schuman-Heink, who has made a furore on the concert stage in Germany and this country as great as she made in grand opera. She has a voice of immense compass, brilliancy and richness, and sings magnificently. Single tickets are \$1, but it is urged that all who intend to go to the May Festival buy their course tickets now, which are \$3 at Rogers' and the Normal Conservatory, and so get the five superb winter concerts free. Mme. Schuman-Heink alone is worth the whole \$3. She will give a varied program.

Miss LaVerne Ross has been engaged as assistant in the first grade of the Central building, there being 55 pupils in the room. Miss Ross assists in the room mornings and takes the C section now, which are \$3 at Rogers' and the Normal Conservatory, and so get the five superb winter concerts free. Mme. Schuman-Heink alone is worth the whole \$3. She will give a varied program.

Miss Jessie L. Pease returned Saturday from an extended visit with Mrs. Alfred Johnston at Toronto, Ont.

into one of the high school rooms afternoons.

Mrs. Ellen Ford Lucking, widow of Joseph Lucking of this city, died in Detroit Friday at the home of her son, George W. Lucking, aged 73 years. She was born in Cornwell, Ont., but after her marriage moved to Ypsilanti, where she spent many years. She leaves three sons—George, Thomas and Hon. Alfred Lucking. The funeral was held in Detroit, but the interment was in Highland Cemetery, Rev. William Gardam conducting the service.

Alpheus McPherson was called to Smithville, Ont., Monday by the illness of his father.

Miss Bessie Densmore has returned from Chicago.

Mrs. Eliza Cornwell and Mrs. Harold Totten and baby have returned from Cottage City, Mass.

Miss Myra Johnson of Detroit spent Monday with Mrs. Ella Davis. She will resume her business in this city next month.

Mrs. James Osburn of Owosso is visiting Mrs. N. Hendricks.

William Hay of Russellville, Ark., is visiting in the city.

The Baptist Juniors will give a Hallowe'en party at the church Friday evening at 5:30.

The fourth grade presented a pretty October program at Chapel Monday afternoon under the direction of Miss Grace Gilbert. There were several pretty songs by the grade on autumn themes, recitations by Frank Suckart and Richard Beal, a dainty action song by girls gowned in white, adorned with the autumn leaves that are whirled about by the north wind and sleep under the snow, and another pretty action song.

The work in domestic science in the Normal is so much in demand that Miss Zayda Fish has been appointed to assist Miss Fuller.

Mrs. Carl J. Roberts has returned to Washington, Ia., after a visit with Ypsilanti relatives.

The next artist recital will be given at Normal Hall, Dec. 4, by Arthur Farwell of Massachusetts, a noted musical lecturer and musician, who will give a lecture recital. Mr. Farwell is accounted an exceptionally fine artist. The piano recital by Mme. Birdie Blye has been postponed, as Mme. Blye has a long series of concerts with the Thomas orchestra to fill before she can come here.

The Estabrook Fraternity of the high school gave a pleasant party at the Country Club Saturday evening, chaperoned by Mr. Daley. Kilian's orchestra furnished music. The room was decorated with pumpkins, cornstalks and Japanese lanterns.

Mrs. Harold F. Sayles has returned to Chicago after an extended visit with Mrs. E. E. Jenness.

Mrs. J. P. Clarke, Mrs. William Gardner and Mrs. D. L. Quirk, Jr., entertained the Monday Whist Club and the gentlemen at the Quirk home Friday evening.

George Rathfon and family left this week to spend the winter in Florida.

The B. Y. P. U. gave a delightful reception Tuesday evening to about 150 students. Pretty introduction cards helped all to get acquainted, and beautiful music was given by Mrs. Annis Gray, Arthur Sherwood, Misses Edna Miller, L. Shields and Ethelyn Walker. Light refreshments were served and all had a good time.

The W. F. M. S. of the First Methodist church will meet Friday afternoon with Mrs. G. D. Lockwood.

William H. Birdsell died Tuesday of cancer of the liver and stomach, after a long illness. He leaves a wife, a son and a daughter. The funeral was to-day.

Mrs. M. S. Hall died last evening, after a long illness, aged 63 years. The funeral will be held at the residence, Saturday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock. A fitting memorial will be given next week.

Miss Mary Woodbury is substituting in the training school during the serious illness of Miss Margaret Wise.

Monday, work will begin on straightening up the cupola on the water tower, which has settled to the east alarmingly the past summer. In place of glass windows, the board will put in fine wire screens, which will give less surface for pressure from the west winds.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bombenek visited the latter's brother in Britton Sunday.

The Myrtle club postponed its Tuesday meeting one week because of the funeral of Mrs. Fred Coe.

Miss Amy Cole of Plymouth spent Sunday with her mother, Mrs. E. Cole.

The October meeting of the D. A. R. will be entertained by Mrs. C. W. Childs, Congress st., Saturday, Oct. 27, at 2:30 p.m. The tenth anniversary of the founding of the Chapter will be celebrated. A paper upon local history will be read by Mrs. E. H. Johnson, and the report of the delegates to the State meeting at St. Clair given.

The Halcyon club found that their preceding election of officers was made without a quorum present, so Tuesday evening they held a large meeting and elected as officers: president, J. E. McAlister; sec., Herbert Bisbee; treas., John Kuster.

Mrs. Jessie L. Pease returned Saturday from an extended visit with Mrs. Alfred Johnston at Toronto, Ont.

## THE UNDERWEAR SEASON

Has now arrived and we are prepared to supply you with

### Ladies', Gents' & Children's GARMENTS

Children's Vests and Pants at 10c to 50c each

Ladies' Vests and Pants at 25c to \$1.00 each

Men's Shirts and Drawers at 50c to \$1.00 each

Union Suits for Boys or Girls at 50c to \$1.00 each

Union Suits for Ladies at 75c to \$2.75

Our Puritan Union Suit for Ladies at \$1 is a bargain

Cotton Blankets and Comfortables at 50c, 75c, \$1, \$1.25, up.

Cloak Department full of Latest Novelties

**W. H. Sweet & Son.**

**The National Loan & Investment Company**

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

WE ISSUE TIME CERTIFICATES NETTING

**Four and One-Half Per Cent**

PAYABLE SEMI-ANNUALLY

Investors can gain further information by addressing our local representative, Mr. T. T. CLEMENT, Ypsilanti, Mich.

S. B. COLEMAN, President

FRANK B. LELAND, Secretary

## Carpets and Floor Coverings

We carry the largest and most complete line of Carpets and Floor Coverings in Washtenaw County. Our stock consists of

**Ingrain Carpetings, Brussels, Velvets, Axminsters,**

**Oil Cloths, Linoleums and Mattings**

All in numberless qualities, designs and colorings. Especially do we call attention to our stock of

## RUGS

Various in sizes, quality and design.

**F. K. Rexford & Sons**

YPSILANTI, MICH.

WE CARRY A FULL LINE

OF THE CELEBRATED

## Garland Stoves and Ranges

FROM THE SMALLEST TO THE LARGEST

Prices Right. Give Us a Call.

**H. A. PALMER**

THE DEPOT HARDWARE

BOTH PHONES

35 EAST CROSS ST.

**JOB PRINTING AT THE YPSILANTIAN OFFICE**



### Are You Awake to the Fact

that there are two ways of supplying your wants in SHOES?

One way, selecting because you like the looks of the thing, and because it "saves time" to decide quickly. The other way, locating the store with a good reputation for best goods at right prices. With the first, the result is generally dissatisfaction; with the second the pleasing reverse. Wake to the fact that the right store is ours.

**P. C. Sherwood & Son The Shoemakers**

All kinds of Job Printing at The Ypsilantian



# CLINK OF GOLD DRAWS CHINESE

Regular Traffic Done in the Smuggling of These Objectionable People to America.

## RICHES FOR "CONTRABAND" DEALERS

Ingenious Schemes Devised to Elude the Watchfulness of Customs Officers—Schooner Frolic with Cargo of Coolies, Driven Into the Harbor of Providence, R. I., a Case in Point.

Boston.—It is the lure of wages so high that five years' savings make a fortune that is drawing venturesome Chinese these days into the country by novel shifts and in strange disguises.

Officially the smuggling of Celestials across the borders is dead. Experts in immigration and some inspectors will say when questioned that there is no such thing. As a matter of fact, however, although the Chinese population of the United States is not increasing, and timidity and the severity of the enforcement of the exclusion act deter many who might otherwise attempt to gain this promised land, plans for getting the contraband race into the United States are bolder and more skillfully concocted than ever.

Messages sent along the New England coast a few days ago to intercept the Frolic, a schooner yacht, with her consignment of 35 coolies, called public attention to the fact that the Chinese are still mindful of the opportunities offered in this country. Tactics similar to those attributed to the vessel's charter are used by shrewd speculators, many of whom are Americans. Chinese who have persistence and courage are able to make their way here in spite of the utmost vigilance of the authorities.

From a sentimental point of view it would appear that Chinese would not care to come here for fear they would be subjected to indignities by the inspectors who are stationed at ports of entry and in the principal cities and towns on both the northern and southern borders. This does not apply to the more conservative of the race, but there are hundreds of shrewder and bolder spirits who see a chance to gain wealth and they miss



Across the Mexican Border.



As Italian Laborers.

No means of gaining admittance to this country. They are eager to take the places of the thousands who are now leaving the United States for good with fortunes and competencies.

### Thrifty Celestials Send Money "Home."

Express companies which have branches in Chinatown in the larger cities are busy transferring accounts of thrifty Celestials to Peking, Hong Kong and Canton. Hundreds of the returning Chinamen are buying large establishments in the trade centers of their native country, while others are investing in farms and plantations. They return with stories of how they are often ill treated in the United States, but they also clinch the American gold which they have garnered.

The depiction of the Chinese population is, as investigations made in the principal colonies in the United States show, hardly met by the birth rate or by the influx of the orientals across the borders. The result of all this has been to increase the wages of Chinese workmen in America to exorbitant figures.

Chinese are in demand not only for work as laundrymen, but as highly paid servants. The prevailing rate for laundrymen is from \$15 to \$20 or more a week, with board. Once a Chinese has learned the uses of irons and starch his services are in demand

at the large farms. They are disguised as immigrants of other nationalities. Many of them have essayed the roles of Italians, after incasing themselves in corduroy jackets and trousers and tying gayly colored silken handkerchiefs about their necks.

It is along the Rio Grande border, however, that the smuggling of disguised Chinese is conducted with consummate finesse. The scheme in use there, if followed by a really capable Chinaman, are usually effective. Hundreds of the more intelligent are landed in Havana and at Mexican ports, whence they can make their way to this country.

Chinese immigration is welcomed in Mexico. There is a tradition preserved in the old histories of the Celestial empire that centuries ago trading junks from China landed on the western coast of Mexico and opened up commercial relations with the subjects of Montezuma. The Chinese often have in mind this ancient relation when they go to the country over which rules President Diaz. The Chinese learn Spanish, adopt the Mexican dress and manners, learn to wear a sombrero with grace and often, after waiting for two years to perfect themselves in being imitation Mexicans, they boldly cross the southern border and make their way to the nearest Chinatown.

### Many Cross Border Disguised as Nuns.

Some of the Chinese under the direction of shrewd agents have even passed over both the Canadian and Rio Grande borders garbed as nuns. Most of them are born imitators, and once they have seen their instructor in familiar poses they follow his directions to the letter.

Little is heard these days of the spectacular methods of running the blockade which were once employed by eager Chinese and have dropped into disuse. Chinese no longer have themselves packed up in boxes or chests and sent by express; neither do they go in vans, which are likely to be suddenly tipped into rivers. There are seldom wild chases across the snow from Canada to the United States, with accompaniments of baying hounds and barking revolvers. Such methods are irregular and unreliable and they have been supplanted by those which are esteemed as more businesslike.

Chinese are not welcomed in Canada any more than they are here and a head tax of \$500 each is placed upon them. It is regarded as, in fact, prohibitive. Until three months ago, when a law was passed assessing them at \$300 a head, no such tax was exacted in Newfoundland.

Chinese could be carried in bond from Vancouver without having to pay the impost demanded of them in the Dominion, and the result has been that many of them availed themselves of those conditions. It was until quite recently the custom to permit Chinese who were supposed to be on their way to the United States with proper credentials to remain in Canada for 90 days before they were notified to proceed with their journey. By a special arrangement, however, with

high wages and the industrial opportunities here make the game for them well worth the candle if they succeed.

**Rough Weather Ends Trip of "Slave Ship."**

In this connection a real life story of the sea, of smuggling and adventure, thrilling pursuits and hairbreadth escapes, and the perilous voyage of a little schooner, whose battered down hatches was a cargo such as the slaves of the story books carried, ended when the Frolic of Boston was discovered by chance in the harbor of Providence, R. I.

It was the sea that had been its refuge that finally wrought the undoing of the Frolic and foiled its adventure after it had played tag with revenue cutters and customs officers for weeks along the coast. The Frolic was a battered and crippled ghost of a boat when it crept into port with 42 woe-begone and starving Chinamen in its hold. In the night, while it was believed the crew of a storm beaten fishing boat was repairing damage, dories went to and from the shore and the Frolic and 27 Chinamen were landed.

The Chinamen were still being taken ashore and hidden in coal heaps, when a man employed on one of the pockets on a dock stumbled across a shivering group of Chinamen and gave the alarm. A little later customs and immigration officers swooped down on the Frolic and captured 15 Chinamen and two of the crew. Skipper H. K. Colby, of Boston, who led the adventure, and his mate, "Al" Adams, slipped away in a dory and escaped. On shore officers captured John C. Lehmann, of Boston, whose part in the adventure was conveying and smuggling Chinamen to the refuge of the Chinese quarter in Providence.

The two members of the crew of the Frolic who were captured said the little vessel had beaten about the coast from Eastport, Me., to Cape Hatteras for two weeks, dodging revenue cutters and coast guards, and buffeted by storms. They said the Frolic's captain only took the desperate chance of running into Providence when the little vessel had been so battered it could not stay at sea any longer.

**Claim to American Birth Is Common.**

One of the problems which have worried the Chinese inspectors stationed at Malone, which is the point in this state where many Chinese are brought from Canada, is the nativity clause.

Scores of them present themselves and submit to arrest, for they have about them as a usual thing nothing which indicates any claims which they may be inclined to make.

**A Good Fellow.**

"What kind of a man is Bliggins?"

"He's a good fellow. He'd borrow your last dollar in order to lend it to somebody that he thought needed it more than you do."—Washington Star.

These checks he has always treasured as souvenirs of his prosperous days and when he came here in 1895 and bought a small house between River Denys and Port Hood he papered the walls of one of his rooms with them. They are drawn on at least 20 banks, and De Costa declares that he can tell what each paid for. This is all the more remarkable, as the man settled his personal as well as his business obligations with paper. He never carried more than a dollar in cash in his pockets at one time, and if a man didn't want to cash a check he made no sale.

De Costa says that he would rather look at the checks than eat his dinner, and this is literally true, for all his meals are served in the check room.

**Suspicion Aroused.**

"The population of St. Petersburg is still growing," said the census official, jubilantly.

"We'll have to see about that," answered the czar. "The police are evidently not doing their duty in sending people to Siberia."—Washington Star.

Hardly have they been taken into custody, however, when relatives or friends, accompanied by a shrewd lawyer, go to the rescue with birth certificates and affidavits which show that the persons detained were really born in the United States and as such are entitled to admission. It is estimated by a prominent inspector that if all the claims to American birth made by Chinese be true every Chinese family in this country must have 75 children.

Chinese of intelligence who can give any evidence that they are not laborers, but actually merchants, are able to get into the United States with little trouble. One of the familiar schemes—and it is one which is often successful—is employed by merchants for the benefit of friends and relatives here. The merchant will practically close out his business, leaving, however, a few outstanding accounts. Sometimes, if his customers are good, two or three obliging friends may consent to be debtors. The merchant, after comfortably establishing himself in China, sends his friend or kinsman over to the United States to close out his business, looking after his bad debts and generally adjusting things, duly certified accounts are shown to the inspectors to demonstrate the necessity for admitting the "merchant" without delay. Frequently such a one is found ironing shirts in a laundry, but his legal status is that of a dealer.

Aside from the Chinese who gain admittance through the gates of the country by means of keys to which they have no legal right, there is a vast majority who as merchants, students, travelers or actors are entitled to all the privileges guaranteed them under the statute. The classes with money do not have to fear being submitted to inconvenience. As far as the Celestials are concerned who get in without complying with the law the



The Returning Chinese Merchant Is Never molested.

"What's the matter, sonny? Why ain't you playin' with the rest?"

"They don't want me," I said, digging my fists into my eyes. "They never ask me to come."

"I expected sympathy, but she gave me an impatient shake and push. 'Is that all, you little nit?' Nobody wants folks that'll sit around on a bank, and wait to be asked,' she cried. 'Run along with the rest, and make yourself wanted.'

"That shake and push did the work. Before I had time to recover from my indignant surprise I was in the middle of the stream, and soon was as busy as the others. But for that shake and push I might be neglected and waiting to this day. It's the people who'll help push instead of waiting to be pushed that make the worthiest citizens."

**LARGE RANCHES IN MEXICO.**

Foreigners as Well as Natives Have Immense Holdings.

Ranches in Mexico are of no mean size. Ex-Gov. Terrazas of Chihuahua has 17,000,000 acres. The Zulogas family is said to hold 5,000,000. Proprietary of 1,000,000 and 2,000,000 acres are not uncommon. Among the Americans who have large ranches may be mentioned Fleming & Ross, the Riverdale Cattle company, with 2,000,000 acres and a fine herd of Herefords; Phoebe Hearst, of California, who has a magnificent place west of Minas; the Millers, and three Mormon colonies. Gordon, Ironsides & Ferriss, the American company, have 1,000,000 acres; Lord Beresford, a relative of the admiral, has a large ranch where he raises fine horses; another Englishman, named Irnstead, owns a large property. Smaller places of from 40,000 acres upward are numerous. The price of land now runs from \$5 to 75 cents gold per acre, with a strong tendency to rise.—Modern Mexico.

**Parson McKeown's Psalm.**

Old Parson McKeown of the Spring street (Boston) church (long since demolished and the parson gone the way of the earth) had a parish clerk who persistently confined himself to giving out the one hundredth psalm, to be sung by the congregation; and the parson finally insisted upon a change being made, which the clerk promised to do.

Notwithstanding his promise, however, the clerk, from force of habit, gave out on the following Sunday the same words: "All people that on earth do well," whereupon the parson's temper could hold out no longer, and putting his head over the desk, he cried, "D—n all people that on earth do well!"

This was in so loud a voice that several good deacons occupying front seats heard the words, and what few hairs they had remaining on their heads stood straight on end with horror. And that was the last opportunity Parson McKeown had of expounding the gospel from his pulpit.

**The Caterpillar.**

If any schoolboy were asked to give the derivation of "caterpillar" he would say that it had something to do with "cat." And he would be right. The common explanation of "caterpillar" is that it is the old French "chatopelose," which means literally "hairy cat," and is very like the English "piller," a plunderer, and "caterpillar" was the regular spelling until the seventeenth century. Dr. Murray's dictionary suggests that the word may have come straight from "cat" and "pillar." A Lombard word for caterpillar is "gatta" (cat), and a Swiss word "teufelskatz" (devil's cat), while a "oatkin" is the vegetable imitation of the caterpillar.

He remembers her birthday or fete day with a potted plant, a bit of game, a box of bonbons, a cake from the pastrycook's or a bottle of good wine. He is marvelously fertile in expedients for making the time pass quickly

### BROUGHT MISFORTUNE TO ALL

Pearl Necklace Source of Woe to Each Successive Owner.

Mme. Andreff was the wife of a broker on the St. Petersburg bourse. She was killed by her husband in a St. Petersburg summer garden. The Novoe Vremya tells this story of a pearl necklace the woman was wearing when she met her death: "It is an old piece of work by one of the best Parisian jewelers. It had been sold first to the head of a well-known French court family. In the excitement of the great French revolution nearly all the members of this family were guillotined and only a few of them managed to escape to Brussels and so saved their lives. But the flight cost a lot of money, and they were obliged to part with many fine jewels, among them the necklace in question. From the time that they got rid of this article they enjoyed a good fortune.

This cherished jewel after chang-

ing hands about ten times, was bought by the St. Petersburg jeweler Butz for 40,000 rubles (\$20,000 for Prince V—, who was at that time a leading man at court. The prince, who was a great lover of the ball, gave the necklace to the well-known ballerina, Tuzkki. For having done this he was exiled from St. Petersburg. Tuzkki left the imperial ballet and finding her health failing, she went to her native countryside and abandoned the stage forever. But before doing so she sold the necklace.

"A subsequent owner, the antiquarian, Linnivitch, died suddenly at Monte Carlo, and a whole series of people afterward who came into possession of the fated necklace had most sinister experiences. One of a gambler, at Monte Carlo, lost all his money, and only the sale of the necklace saved him from beggary.

"Finally it fell into the hands of

Mr. Andreff. He paid the low price of 20,000 rubles (\$10,300) for it and his wife was wearing it when in a fit of anger he killed her, to whom he had but a short time ago presented the unlucky token. The necklace has now mysteriously disappeared."

**The Push He Needed.**

"When I was a little fellow I was inclined to wait to be coaxed," relates a learned and successful man in an exchange. "I remember sitting beside the brook one day while the older children were building a dam. They were wading, carrying stones, splashing the mud and shouting orders, but none of them paying any attention to me. I began to feel abused and lonely, and was blubbering over my neglected condition when Aunt Sally came down the road:

"What's the matter, sonny? Why ain't you playin' with the rest?"

"They don't want me," I said, digging my fists into my eyes. "They never ask me to come."

"I expected sympathy, but she gave me an impatient shake and push. 'Is that all, you little nit?' Nobody wants folks that'll sit around on a bank, and wait to be asked,' she cried. 'Run along with the rest, and make yourself wanted.'

"That shake and push did the work.

Before I had time to recover from my indignant surprise I was in the middle of the stream, and soon was as busy as the others. But for that shake and push I might be neglected and waiting to this day. It's the people who'll help push instead of waiting to be pushed that make the worthiest citizens."

**This has been recognized and prac-**

## LONDON THE CINDERELLA OF THE CITIES

Story of the Hall for the County Council and the New Embankment.

For 18 years the greatest, the healthiest and the wealthiest city in the world has been without a civic habitation worthy of its ancient settlement and honored name. The size of London, its power, utility and dignity, have not yet secured adequate expression in embodied brick, chiseled stone, or fashioned bronze.

London has been too long the Cinderella of the cities in the matter of municipal recognition. Like poor Cinderella, her county council had to work and live in the basement dwellings of Spring Gardens. Her sisters, the borough councils and the city corporation, feast or junket in the Guildhall and Mansion house, or disport themselves in the numerous town halls and other buildings that have been granted to them by the grace of parliament or the cheerful consent of their constituent ratepayers. The metropolitan asylums board and Thanes conservancy without comment have installed themselves in riparian palaces, so that with greater ease they can do less work. Only the council is without a home and exist in lodgings.

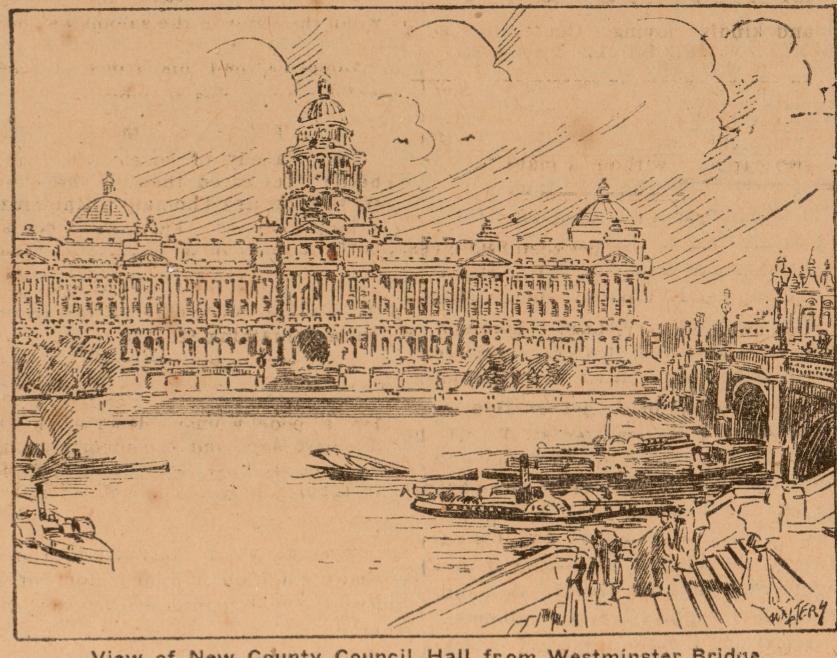
The bold policy of banks, insurance offices and large commercial houses having prominent sites, adequate space, handsome exteriors and internal attractiveness, stimulates a joy of work in staff, an order in business, and a supreme command of organization impossible in low, mean and disorderly habitations, which but for high ideals of public duty would drag down the average public man charged by popular vote with a city's government.

This has been recognized and prac-

ted in the new structural approaches, changed amenities and noble environment, a great riverside embellishment, useful, yet ornamental. Ranking appropriately, yet modestly, with Greenwich hospital, Lambeth palace, the houses of parliament, custom house, Chelsea hospital, Hampton court—buildings that survive to us as worthy and monumental reminders of the days when the River Thames was the chief, as it was, and as it must again be, the widest, cleanest, prettiest, quietest thoroughfare in this great metropolis.

Looked at from the point of view of a great and beautiful riverside improvement, the embankment of the south side of the River Thames offered opportunity for a fine and bold treatment of this present squalid spot. The best embankment in the world runs from Blackfriars to Westminster bridge and the houses of parliament. This noble roadway has received a handsome lengthening of its Victoria Tower gardens, fronting as far as a new Lambeth bridge by a new embankment wall and a riverside promenade backed with fine offices overlooking a garden that will occupy the land where the old houses and wharves now stand facing Lambeth palace on the north side. From this garden there will be, when the county hall is finished, a finer view of houses of parliament, Hospital, Lambeth palace and council offices than that which feasted the eye of Canaletto in the years that are gone; a better view, even, than that which caught the artistic eye of Sir Thomas More.

This has been recognized and prac-



View of New County Council Hall from Westminster Bridge.



# The Ypsilantian.

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

LESSON IV, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, OCT. 28.

Text of the Lesson, Matt. xxvi, 6-16. Memory Verses, 12, 13—Golden Text, Matt. xxvi, 10—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

(Copyright, 1906, by American Press Association.)

Our lesson for today takes us back several days in the order of the events, for John tells us that the supper and the anointing at Bethany were six days before the Passover (John xii, 1), and the Passover is the lesson for next week. Both Matthew and Mark tell us that this anointing took place in the house of Simon the leper, and if we cannot tell whether this Simon was one of the lepers whose healing we have an account of in the gospels or whether he was the father of this family or the husband of Martha, and whether he was at this time living or not, we can wait till we see Martha and Mary and Lazarus, and they will tell us all we need to know. They made Him (Jesus) a supper (John xii, 2), and He tells us that if we will open the door to Him He will come in and sup with us at any time. Martha served, but she does not now seem to be cumbered as on a former occasion (Luke x, 40). Serving meekly, cheerfully and easily is truly Christlike, for when at the Passover there was a strife among the disciples as to who should be the greatest Jesus said, "I am among you as He that serveth" (Luke xxii, 24-27), and He had that same evening illustrated it by washing their feet and wiping them with the towel wherewith He was girded.

## NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

Henry Kirchofer bought Adam Houck's crop of onions, about 10 carloads, and is shipping some to Montreal, Canada. They will probably go to Europe—Manchester Enterprise.

In response to petitions from the council and over 200 voters, the Columbia township board has decided to have two voting precincts in the township, the village of Brooklyn being one and all west of the village will vote at Jefferson—Manchester Enterprise.

John and Henry Donnelly of Hudson, have a sheep about a year old which is a remarkable freak. On the side of its head is a large, bony growth reaching back to the ear and terminating in a perfectly formed mouth, with under lip and full set of teeth. This is connected with the wind pipe, and allows the animal to breathe with this freak mouth, which, however, is never used for eating. The food is taken in the natural manner, the face and regular mouth being perfect—Tecumseh News.

If you have lost your boyhood spirits, courage and confidence of youth, we offer you new life, fresh courage and freedom from ill health in Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. Smith Bros.

Alfred Leavey, one of the pioneer residents of this vicinity, died at his home in this village Wednesday morning, Oct. 17, 1906, of heart disease, aged 76 years. —Dexter Leader.

The fine family residence of the late Hon. C. T. Mitchell will soon be turned over to the city under the provisions of the will for a public library. The family are removing the furniture.—Hillsdale Leader.

After this year it isn't going to be "Sand Hill" any more, but "Redford." The sand is there just the same but the hill has all blown away.—Northville Recorder.

George Fleming, one of Lenawee county's most prominent citizens, committed suicide Friday at his granary in Rome by hanging. He was 65 years old, a civil war veteran, four years a U. S. revenue collector and a leading Knight Templar. He leaves a wife and two daughters, one Mrs. Mildred Zeluff of Britton, being well known in Ypsilanti.

Dyspepsia is America's curse. Burdock Blood Bitters conquers dyspepsia every time. It drives out impurities, tones the stomach, restores perfect digestion, normal weight, and good health.

The White-Millen row has broken out again, Millen suing White in the U. S. court in Detroit for the alleged attack upon Mrs. Millen at Four Mile Lake last year, and asking \$5000, claiming too that White threatened him with a revolver.

Mrs. Mary Cadwell of Wayne died Friday, aged 78 years.

President Angell of the University has fully recovered from the recent operation for the removal of a growth above the left eye and has resumed his class work.

Humane Officer J. J. Goodyear is interesting himself in behalf of the hack horses of the city and is securing from the liverymen a pledge to blanket the animals when waiting in the streets at night for the close of dances and other entertainments.—Ann Arbor Times.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured with local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists. Price, 75c per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

For Sale or Exchange.

I offer my residence on E. Forest avenue for sale or exchange.

I also have two farms to exchange for property, one of 35 acres, good buildings, orchard, etc., one of 76 acres, good orchard, buildings, and some timber.

A. BOND, 725 Forest avenue E.

## NOBODY SPARED

Kidney Troubles Attack Ypsilanti Men and Women, Old and Young Alike.

Kidney ills seize young and old alike—Quickly come and little warning give. Children suffer in their early years—Can't control the kidney secretions. Girls are languid, nervous, suffer pain. Women worry, can't do daily work. Robust men have lame and aching backs.

Old folks, weak, rheumatic, lame, Endure distressing urinary ills. The cure for man, for woman, or for child

Is to cure the cause—the kidneys. Doan's Kidney Pills cure sick kidneys—

Cure all the varied forms of kidney suffering.

Ypsilanti testimony guarantees every box.

B. A. Gleason of 101 Hamilton street employed at Vought & Rogers' Home Meat Market, 127 Congress street says: "My wife and I are highly pleased with Doan's Kidney Pills. Our little daughter had symptoms of kidney trouble and seeing Doan's Kidney Pills highly recommended we concluded to try them and got a box at Rogers-Weinmann-Matthews Co.'s drug store. We were not disappointed in the results. They acted very promptly and it was only a short time till all symptoms of kidney trouble were a thing of the past."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50c per box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name, Doan's, and take no substitute.

## WILLIS.

S. P. Ballard has bought a Jersey cow, and Wm. Ballard has also bought a cow. Mr. and Mrs. Jay Dickerson spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Grace of Denton. Mrs. Ballard received a fine present from a granddaughter on her 80th birthday.

The butter netted the patrons of the Willis creamery 26 cents in September. Corn husking is going on with a rush since the rain.

"Thomas Gots is making cider now. Andrew Fisher is suffering from chronic rheumatism, but visited Ypsilanti last week.

William Russell of Watsonville, Cal., is visiting his parents at Eaton's Mills. Mr. and Mrs. Anton Gabel of Whitaker celebrated their golden wedding Sunday. Mr. Gabel was for three years a soldier in the German army before coming to America. The lady who was bridesmaid at the wedding fifty years ago was present Sunday, as were the eleven children of Mr. and Mrs. Gabel. Rev. Fr. Kennedy of Ypsilanti made a wedding address at the celebration.

Piles quickly and positively cured with Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. It's made for piles alone and it does the work surely and with satisfaction. Itching, painful, protruding or blind piles disappear like magic by its use. Large nickel capped glass jars, 50 cents. Sold and recommended by Frank Smith.

## STONY CREEK.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Arnold Wiard visited Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Talladay.

The Crescent Aid Society will meet Wednesday, Oct. 31, with Mrs. Aaron Fullerton. Come to dinner, and as there will be plenty of work, come early.

Mrs. A. B. Fullerton has been visiting her brother, John Olcott of Flint, the last week.

Mrs. Emma Green has returned to her sister's, Mrs. J. W. Mowry's, after having visited her sister, Mrs. Clarence Elliott, for a few weeks.

This is the season of decay and weakened vitality. Nature is being shorn of its beauty and bloom. If you would retain yours, fortify your system with Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. Smith Bros.

## DIXBORO.

Mrs. Shield, Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Rathbun of Detroit spent Sunday with Mrs. F. Covert.

The L. A. S. meet Thursday next with Mrs. Wm. Manley.

Mrs. F. Shuart is somewhat better.

Mrs. Harry Willits has returned from Ann Arbor, much improved in health since her operation.

The Dixboro school is closed as the teacher, Miss Lucy Courtney, and Miss Bessie Cowan are attending the State Institute at Battle Creek.

E. Matteson is better but must stay at the hospital two weeks yet.

The creamery paid 25 cents a pound for September butter.

Roy Gale is ill with chicken-pox.

Miss Anna Quackenbush of the Normal school was home Sunday.

Doan's Regulates cure constipation without griping, nausea, nor any weakening effect. Ask your druggist for them. 25 cents per box.

## The Supervisors.

The October session of the Supervisors ended Friday of last week. There has been but little reported by the Ann Arbor press of their doings, but a few items of interest call for notice. The board of supervisors was reduced from 44 cents to 33 cents per day. This was in opposition to some of the members, who stuck for 44 cents. They also ordered that cards and other appliances for amusement be denied the prisoners, and that provision should be made to furnish them with work. The effort is to remove some of the attractions which have made the county jail so popular as a winter resort for hoboes.

A bounty of 2 cents per head on sparrows was authorized, and this with good reason, for the rapid multiplication of these birds has reduced the margin of profit on wheat to almost zero, and it was evident that something had to be done to suppress their ravages.

Sheriff Newton surprised the board by giving an itemized report of the income and expenditures of his office. It is, we are told, the first time in the history of the county that the supervisors have been taken into confidence by the sheriff, and Mr. Newton deserves and will receive hearty commendation from the board and the taxpayers generally. Evidently the business of the county is getting down to a business basis, and this is a sufficient cause for congratulation.

They decided also to submit the question of continuing the Board of Auditors to a vote of the people. It is in the minds of many that this board has been a sufficient bill of expense and is entirely unnecessary.

Sunday School Convention.

The program of the Washtenaw county Sunday school convention to be held at Whitmore Lake Oct. 30 and 31, has been providentially enriched by reason of its dates coming between those of the Wayne county convention and "Tour."

Three of their specialists will be at our convention: H. A. Dowling, Wayne Co., Field Sec., A. T. Nelson, Ashland, Ohio, teacher training specialist and blackboard expert; Ed. S. James of the Tullar-Meredith Co., Chicago, to lead the singing. These, with D. B. Allen of the state association, and local speakers of ability will give a program that Sunday school workers cannot afford to miss.

Mrs. Pierce Still Hale at 97.

The following from the Waltham, Mass., News is of interest to the friends of "Father" John D. Pierce, founder of Michigan's educational system and long a resident with his family of Ypsilanti: "Surrounded by a number of her most intimate relatives and friends, Mrs. Harriet Barrett Reed Pierce is to-day quietly celebrating the 97th anniversary of her birth. She resides with her daughter, Mrs. Edward D. Emerson of River-street, and there she is receiving the hearty congratulations of friends who have left many tokens of love and esteem. These for the most part were flowers and included many handsome floral pieces.

"Mrs. Pierce retains her mental faculties and physical strength to a remarkable degree. Her health is excellent, and is much better than it has been for some time past. She attends to her household duties regularly, and has a stated day for rising and retiring. She is a constant reader of the newspapers, and has an excellent grasp of the affairs of the world. She is particularly interested in the accounts of the insurrection in Cuba.

"Mrs. Pierce was born in Waterville, N. Y., in 1809, and came from old New England stock. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Reed. On account of the death of her parents when she was quite young, she was reared and educated by her grandparents on her mother's side. Her grandfather, Stephen Barrett, was a descendant of Humphrey Barrett, an early settler of Concord. When Mrs. Pierce was old enough, her grandfather sent her to a private school and later to an academy in Waterville, N. Y. When she was 18 she was a pupil in the Hamilton Academy, and at the same time was assistant teacher in geometry and English. Five years later she was married to the cabman, who obeyed the quick direction he heard and drove the three away. The lady, with tears in her eyes, went into the vestry. "There will be no wedding," she said. "They've run away with him." And that was the last St. George's heard of them.—London Mail.

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral.

**NOT NARCOTIC.**

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## On the Edge of the Cliff

By Cosmo Hamilton

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

"Are you listening?" she cried, gayly. "I give in about the color of the paper. You shall have your green. I shall like it because you like it. Is the wind carrying my voice away? Can you hear me?"

She was lying on the very edge of the cliff in a manner that made my blood run cold. Her beautiful face was very white, very thin; and her hands, clutching the short, rank grass, seemed almost transparent. There was the same attempt at gayety in her dry, trembling voice that I had noticed the previous night, and the words she spoke were the same.

It was on my way back from a ten-mile walk, during which I had watched the sun sink into a bed of crimson lankets, and the moon rise to find herself welcomed by every living star, that I came upon the crouching girl, and heard her cry.

I gathered that the man she was speaking to was, for some purpose or other, on one of the ledges of the cliff, 10 or 12 feet down. There were several of various widths on that portion of the cliff, wide enough, some of them, to take three or four people standing close. I gave no further thought to the matter.

A shadow flickered in front of me. From the length and width of it I knew that it was thrown by the great bulk of Ewell, the sea painter, who



"Darling, I Would Come to You If I Could Jump."

was putting up at a cottage some doors from mine. We looked at each other silently, and then he flung out his working hand with a wide gesture, removing his cap at the beginning of it.

"Yes," I replied, "you're right, perfectly, utterly, entirely right. I have never seen anything like it anywhere. It's superb. And you and I—at least, not you, perhaps—certainly I ought never to attempt to paint again. It's sacrilege!"

Ewell nodded and stood with his arms extended and his head thrown back, looking with a kind of wistful reverence from side to side. With the soft moonlight upon him, his unmanageable, restless, red hair looked white, and his Viking face, tanned a brickdust color, almost ethereal.

I watched him with a sort of jealous admiration. If ever a man understood the moods of nature, if ever a man could put the right words to the great song of it, that man was Ewell. He seemed to be the younger brother of the sea. Wild, uproarious, tender, silent, always rising or falling, moved by the slightest change, tossed hither and thither by the wind, soothed by the west.

He turned on me suddenly, still holding his cap. "What?" he asked.

"I said nothing," said I.

"Oh, I thought I heard you murmuring that I was a rotten painter, or something equally rude."

"Or something equally rude! Come with me back to the top of the cliffs." "No," said Ewell, with a shudder. "No—not for thousands a minute."

His vehemence startled me a little, I think. Perhaps he noticed it.

"I'll tell you why," he said, taking my arm, and leading me the other way. "You can't be expected to know. You have only just arrived. But I've been here for months, and I knew her—he jerked his head over his shoulder—before it happened. Poor little beggar!"

"Who?" said I.

He stopped and looked eagerly into my eyes. "You've come from there. Do you mean to say she isn't there to-night? By Jove, how glad I should be!"

"You plunge," I said, testily. "How the dickens am I to know where you mean?"

"I mean a girl crouching on the cliff."

"With a face very white, very thin, clutching at the short, rank grass with transparent hands?" She was saying as I passed, with a kind of gayety, "I give in about the color of the paper."

"I know. Don't," said Ewell, putting his hands over his ears. "I couldn't stand it. Those words ring in my ears. 'A kind of gayety.' Oh, gods of my fathers!"

We covered a couple of hundreds of yards before he spoke again, and then it was in a low voice, as though he were afraid of being overheard.

"When I came here first, eight months ago, I used constantly to see a girl and a jolly, straight-backed, open-faced young fellow going for long, stiff walks together. The girl had a pair of dancing eyes, which on dull days acted like a gleam of sun upon me; and her voice was like a bird's filled with the joy of young life. I'm not sure I didn't rather hope—that they were brother and sister. She had a very beautiful face."

"Why do you say 'she' had?"

But Ewell's eyes were fixed upon something a long way ahead, and he let my question go unanswered. Perhaps he hadn't heard.

"And, better than that," he went on, "she had pluck and grit, and cared no more for the rain and the wind

than I do. On the contrary, I believe she took a keen joy in battling with them, head tucked down, arms swinging, her dress clinging and showing the grace of her, the lissomeness of her, the young strength. Her laugh, too! Oh, my dear fellow, what a laugh! I used to gurgle over my paints as it was borne, like a bundle of feathers, in the breeze. You know the sound a thrush makes sometimes, when all is well with its world? A series of limp notes in quick succession—a little volley of bell-like notes rising in the scale? Heaven! how she laughed! But he wasn't her brother. It didn't really matter. I don't suppose. At any rate, he wasn't her brother. Like the one wise man alive, he was engaged to be married to her, poor devil! I wouldn't ask who she was—she was a minister's daughter, Mr. Terrance—but I found out soon enough. The wind blew a gale from the southwest. I was at work under the cliff with my easel strapped to a rock. As they swung past, arm in arm, her red tam-o'-shanter was whirled off her head, and carried high in the air, flapped against my face. You know the kind of stupendous idiot I am. You know the consummate futile things I do. I kissed that tam-o'-shanter, and the face of that young man, standing with outstretched hand in front of me, put the cap out of joint for color. He glared at me as though he could have mangled me as I sat. And I knew. A brother would have raised his eyebrows. This beggar lowered them. I was told all about him later. A lawyer, or something, who didn't practice. His name Trent, Richard Trent, a rich man, poor devil!"

He paused again, walking harder than ever, having his eyes on the ground.

"I watched them day after day. I could see they were very much in love. Towards the end of May a snowball of excitement was thrown into the village, and grew larger and larger. They were to be married on June the fifth by her father.

"The fifth of June came near. I wasn't painting well. In fact, I wasn't painting at all. I had one of those absurd fits of depression on me. You know what? I heard he was going away for the last fortnight. Some conventional idea of propriety, I take it; I wouldn't have gone for all those grandmother foolishness rolled into one. Fourteen of the most wonderful days a man can live wasted! Think of it! However, he was going. And the day before his last day a glorious storm came on. I had only seen one like it before. I had a little yacht at that time, for painting purposes. It was blown out of the water and thrown in a hundred splinters on the nearest coast. I landed among 'em, more by luck than judgment. I don't know how Trent came to be on the cliffs in the middle of the night. Perhaps the devil of it had got into his blood, as it always gets into mine, and made him go out and fight the storm as I always do.

"The wind is no respecter of persons. It must have caught him up and bowed him over the cliff. There was a ledge 30 feet down. He landed there!"

"Alive!" I cried.

"Dead. They say he cried 'Mary' as he fell. Whether that is romance or not, I don't know. At any rate, barely half an hour after he must have fallen—judging by his watch, which had stopped at 11:40—she was on the cliff above him, crouching as you saw her crouching, calling to him and cheering him, and telling him I have heard her several times, saying all that she said that night over and over again—that she had heard him call, that she had ordered some fishermen to come with ropes. 'Darling, I would come to you if I could jump. But I will talk all the time till they come, so that it won't seem so lonely for you.' I love you—I love you! Do you hear that, Dick? The wind's so high I can't hear your answer, but I know you have answered and what you said." And when they came with ropes, there she was, still chatting and laughing, on the edge of the cliff, clinging to the grass. God knows why the wind allowed her to stay there. Perhaps he left it no power at that spot. And she was saying: "I give in about the color of the paper. You shall have your green. I shall like it because you like it. Is the wind carrying my voice away? Can you hear me?"

Ewell moved suddenly on again. It was several minutes before he spoke.

"When she saw them she fainted. She was among them. I was only just in time to catch her as she was slipping over. I carried her to her father's house. Poor little brave heart, how wst she was! Her father buried him. And every night since then—

"Twas But a Dream.

Jim Wray, the Harvard rowing coach, said to a prophet of evil before he sailed with the Harvard crew for England: "I take no stock in your words. Your words remind me of those a certain married man once heard. This married man, coming home quietly one evening, heard in the drawing-room the voices of his wife and mother-in-law in earnest conversation. He tiptoed to the door and listened intently. He heard his mother-in-law say: "No, darling, I really must go to-morrow. I do not believe in mothers-in-law making long visits. A day or so once or twice a year is enough. And now let me tell you, dear, what a treasure I think you've got in Will. There are few husbands like him, and you must try your best not to spoil him. He is perfect as he is. But don't you think you are a little hasty and inconsiderate with him sometimes? You must be gentler and more accommodating and, above all, avoid any appearance of stricture. Men need a little latitude and you have no right to chide Will when he stays out till two or three in the morning, for you must remember that he is a man, not a child or a woman, and it is your duty to allow him three or four evenings a week."

"Will stirred uneasily. He awoke all seemed so real, and yet, alas! it was but a dream."

Judge Gave Thieves a Tip.

"Now, sir," said the cross-examining counsel, "answer 'Yes' or 'No.' The court does not want to know what you supposed. I supposed that I had my watch in my pocket this morning, but, as a matter of fact, I had left it on my dressing room table. The court wants facts, sir, not supposition."

The witness did not quibble any more, and the case went quietly on. But when the lawyer arrived home that evening the wife of his bosom said to him:

"You must have been anxious about your watch to send four men after it—one after the other."

"What?" cried the lawyer, as a suspicion crossed his mind. "Did you give it to any of them?"

"Of course," she said. "I gave it to the first who called. Why, he actually knew where you had left it!"

To Work for Woman Suffrage.

Mrs. Arthur T. Ballantine, the only daughter of the late Thomas E. Reed, has gone into politics in the extreme west, and as editor of the Yellow Ribbon, purposes to lend her aid to the cause of woman suffrage.

Siberian Bridal Custom.

In some parts of Siberia a bridegroom, on arriving home, commands his wife to take off his boots. In one is a whip and in the other a purse. The contents of the boot she first selects for removal, presage whether he is to be generous or the reverse to her. A very kind husband will put a purse in each boot, and omit the whip, to make her believe that her choice is auspicious.

## COME OF A NOBLE STOCK.

Pride, Dignity and Beauty of the Modern Spaniards.

You may see to-day in any church portal in Spain the somber dignity of Velasquez; the sinister cast of countenance of Philip the Second; the nose and proud bearing of a Roman centurion, says the Nineteenth Century. In the Basque province the dignity and the pride of the peasantry are reflected in the graceful carriage and symmetry of movement for which the men of that coast and the girls carrying pitchers on their heads are justly celebrated. There is no trace of awkwardness in a Spanish peasant, on whose features is stamped the pride of Rome, who will talk to you with the ease and volubility of a Spanish courtier. It is a noble stock.

Thoughts of the glory of Spain has departed and the modern Spanish favor a western "bowler," and the women wear Persian hats, the national type of Spain persists with all its dignity and characteristics. Living types of Murillo's street urchins may be seen in any Spanish village. A group huddled together in some shady retreat; brown, chubby, curly headed, merry little rascals, lunching off a watermelon picked up in the market, happy as princesses in their hempen rags and with their meager morsel. Or you may see the sunny side of Spain as Goya painted it. A dance in the open square, a bridal feast, a bullfighter's carousal, a brawl, an eloquence; the apparel is less gaudy to-day, but the sun and the types and the spirit are the same.

That brawny pleader with his wide-brimmed sombrero, his swarthy countenance, aquiline nose and raven locks, looks for all the world like a Roman gladiator. The lad at his side, with his finely chiseled features, might have waited on Poppaea. And that young girl in her white lace mantilla and the red roses in her warm black hair, such a one Goya would have delighted to portray as she stands there with her delicate head defiantly thrown back, her lustrous eyes aglow with mischief, that graceful line of figure and those pursed and pouting lips.

Training Dog Police.

The training of the young Newfoundlands that M. Lepine sends to his police staff is one of the sights of Paris, says the Century. It takes place in the headquarters of the agents plongeurs, a small building on the quay-side not far from the Cathedral of Notre Dame. Dogs and men enter into the exercise with zest, and there is usually a crowd of onlookers. Only dummy figures are used, but the "rescue" is, nevertheless, a very realistic affair. The big dogs know perfectly well what the exercise means, and they wait with comic enthusiasm until the dummy is thrown into the water and an agent plongeur rushes after it on hearing the splash and the outcry of spectators. While the men are busy with lines and life-buoys, the dog plunges into the water, swims to the dummy, watches with rare intelligence for an opportunity to get an advantageous hold; and then it either swims ashore or waits for its master, who brings to the rescue long poles, cork belts, and the like. The more experienced dogs, however, will easily effect a rescue from first to last without human assistance; and it is an inspiring sight to watch them looking for a foothold on the slippery sides of the river bank, and pulling the heavy dummy into a place of safety.

It takes about four months to train the dogs efficiently. They are also charged with the protection of their masters when attacked by the desperate ruffians who sleep under the arches of the bridge in summer. Thus in Paris also the police dogs are a proved success.

"Twas But a Dream.

Jim Wray, the Harvard rowing coach, said to a prophet of evil before he sailed with the Harvard crew for England: "I take no stock in your words. Your words remind me of those a certain married man once heard. This married man, coming home quietly one evening, heard in the drawing-room the voices of his wife and mother-in-law in earnest conversation. He tiptoed to the door and listened intently. He heard his mother-in-law say: "No, darling, I really must go to-morrow. I do not believe in mothers-in-law making long visits. A day or so once or twice a year is enough. And now let me tell you, dear, what a treasure I think you've got in Will. There are few husbands like him, and you must try your best not to spoil him. He is perfect as he is. But don't you think you are a little hasty and inconsiderate with him sometimes? You must be gentler and more accommodating and, above all, avoid any appearance of stricture. Men need a little latitude and you have no right to chide Will when he stays out till two or three in the morning, for you must remember that he is a man, not a child or a woman, and it is your duty to allow him three or four evenings a week."

"Will stirred uneasily. He awoke all seemed so real, and yet, alas! it was but a dream."

Judge Gave Thieves a Tip.

"Now, sir," said the cross-examining counsel, "answer 'Yes' or 'No.' The court does not want to know what you supposed. I supposed that I had my watch in my pocket this morning, but, as a matter of fact, I had left it on my dressing room table. The court wants facts, sir, not supposition."

The witness did not quibble any more, and the case went quietly on. But when the lawyer arrived home that evening the wife of his bosom said to him:

"You must have been anxious about your watch to send four men after it—one after the other."

"What?" cried the lawyer, as a suspicion crossed his mind. "Did you give it to any of them?"

"Of course," she said. "I gave it to the first who called. Why, he actually knew where you had left it!"

To Work for Woman Suffrage.

Mrs. Arthur T. Ballantine, the only daughter of the late Thomas E. Reed, has gone into politics in the extreme west, and as editor of the Yellow Ribbon, purposes to lend her aid to the cause of woman suffrage.

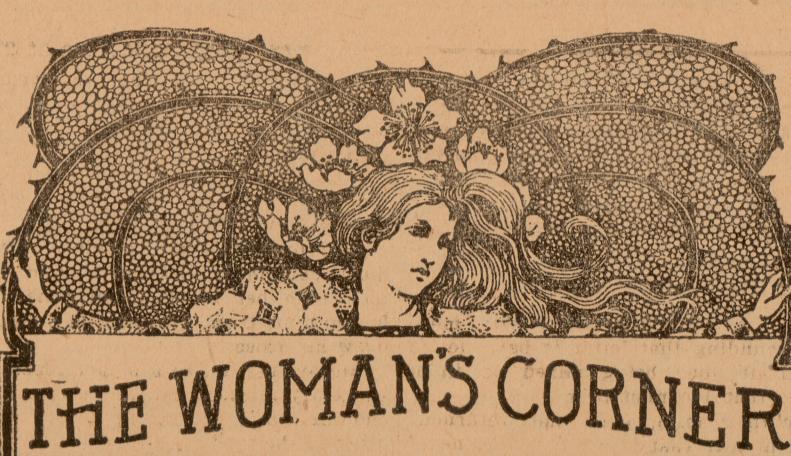
Siberian Bridal Custom.

In some parts of Siberia a bridegroom, on arriving home, commands his wife to take off his boots. In one is a whip and in the other a purse. The contents of the boot she first selects for removal, presage whether he is to be generous or the reverse to her. A very kind husband will put a purse in each boot, and omit the whip, to make her believe that her choice is auspicious.

"Why do you say 'she' had?"

But Ewell's eyes were fixed upon something a long way ahead, and he let my question go unanswered. Perhaps he hadn't heard.

"And, better than that," he went on, "she had pluck and grit, and cared no more for the rain and the wind



## Pretty Decorative Work.

### MOUNT-MELLICK AND HEDEBOW EMBROIDERY.

Best for All Forms of Ordinary Household Use—Care in Washing is a Matter of Vital Importance.

Mount-mellick work, strictly speaking, is white upon white. A new kind recently seen is color on white.

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### A WOMAN'S KIDNEYS.

Women have much to do, so many pains to suffer, so many critical periods to go through, that it is important to keep the kidneys well, and avoid the backache, bearing-down pain, headache, dizziness, languor and other common signs of weak kidneys. Mrs. Charles E. Smith, of 22 Boyden St., Woonsocket, R. I., says: "My kidneys were weak from childhood, and for eight or ten years past my back was very painful and I had many annoying symptoms besides. When I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills I weighed only 120. To-day I weigh 165, and am in better health than for years. Doan's Kidney Pills have been my only kidney medicine during four years past. They bring me out of every attack."

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(Copyright, 1905, by Olivia B. Strohm.)

CHAPTER XXIV.—CONTINUED.

At last, with the wind swaying the trees, the water kissing the pebbles as accompaniment to her words, she spoke: "To-day, to-night, the doubt is gone; I trust you utterly. But—don't give you fair warning—I may change again."

She nodded her head merrily! her mood was, on a sudden, strangely light—almost hysterical. Then, more seriously: "I don't trust my moods lately, they vary so. I may be right now, but I want to be honest to-night—honest with my heart—and you. And to-night, for the present, all's well."

"And, sweet one, for so much, thanks. You know the wisest man has said: 'There is a time to love and a time to hate.' Let us be happy now in the time to trust, the time to love."

Owatoga returned, and at his suggestion Boone rose. "You are right, we must press on," he said, and the Indian advanced to Lavender. "Owatoga will carry the white maid over the water; the ford is deep."

Lifting her as though she were no greater burden than the quiver that swung over one shoulder, he raised her to the other and plunged into the river.

The others followed, but, the opposite side regained, the old pioneer staggered and fell, half fainting, in Winslow's arms.

"You are ill, sir?" Quick, Owatoga! The brandy." And they worked hard to revive the old man who lay in a stupor on the sand!

He laughed. "Well, I suppose I must take everybody's word that there was a girl there, but—well, I did not see her. It is plain I did not have my wits about me. By the way, I have met her since; our estates join;" he added, with mock dignity.

Already penitent, ashamed of questions which might seem at best a low curiosity, at worst foolish jealousy, Lavender yet persisted: "Then you did not know her before?"

"Who, indeed? A dreadful doubt was fomenting in Lavender's brain, but she persevered falteringly: "But the girl—who she was in the woods that night?"

He laughed. "Well, I suppose I must take everybody's word that there was a girl there, but—well, I did not see her. It is plain I did not have my wits about me. By the way, I have met her since; our estates join;" he added, with mock dignity.

So all night they camped there, Owatoga guard against surprise, while Winslow and Lavender, too anxious for sleep, watched the pioneer, who lay helpless with fatigue and sudden cold.

With early dawn he rallied a bit, and they pushed on until, at noon, they paused in a beautiful, sheltered grove.

Boone smiled like a pleased, tired child. "I shall rest here," he said. "I think we are secure; they have probably abandoned the trail. At any rate, I need go no further. St. Charles is but a few miles due east. You can easily reach it to-night. Good-by."

In vain they insisted upon remaining with him until he was stronger.

"No; for the sake of the girl's anxious father—for her sick mother, she must be brought home at once. Lose no time. I can soon have a cabin here as good as the one we left."

They set to work, and in a small ravine, with a palisade of poplars protecting it, and a hedge of pawpaw bushes all about, they put up a tiny shelter which the rugged woodsman declared was fit for a king's chamber.

When the time for farewells was come, Owatoga surprised Winslow by extending a ruddy hand. "Good-by," he said.

Daniel Boone, too, looked up amazed. "Why, how is this?"

But the Indian sturdily retorted: "Owatoga stays; he will not leave the old man of the woods."

In vain Boone protested.

"He is right," Winslow declared; "the main road lies just beyond that ridge. We can easily find it, and the journey is short. Our one regret, sir, is leaving you."

And there were tears in Lavender's eyes when she bent over and reverently kissed the high forehead and smoothed the long, white hair.

"God bless you, girl," he said, weakly. "If you never see Daniel Boone again, think of him sometimes. And think of him as the 'Old man of the woods.'

He added this proudly, as though he wished no nobler title. Owatoga went with them until in sight of the road—a narrow hall in the green pavilion of nature, a weed-grown gap in the wilderness. With a few terse directions, and a gruff farewell, the guide left them to complete the journey together.

CHAPTER XXV.

"The King's Highway is a little uncertain," Winslow laughed as they trudged over the trail where only the faint mark of wheels showed traces of frontier enterprise.

Lavender tried to return the salutation, but the words would not come, and she walked by his side, dumb and heavy-eyed.

"Why so pensive?" he asked at last.

But her reply was evasive, and he said no more, but talked of things impersonal.

About noon they rested by a brook that invited them by a cheerful gurgle. Lavender sat on the mossy turf while Winslow busied himself arranging the lunch from a hamper.

"Drink," he commanded. "This is the cup of Letha!" You need it with that tragedy in your eyes."

"Have we time to stay here and rest a little?" she asked.

Winslow glanced at the sun. "He will have to travel," he said. "We will light us for hours yet," and he threw himself at her feet, while she said with light railing: "I see you have caught some of Owatoga's tricks of speech."

After a pause he said: "You are cold to me to-day; you are not happy with me. Won't you tell me why?"

She did not answer.

"Lavender" (and he lingered over the name), "Tell me why. Is this, then, the 'time to hate'?"

She looked into his eyes frankly. "No," she said; "no, not a time to hate." That time will never come. But it is a 'time to talk.' A time to think. A time to be honest with myself—and you."

Self-disgust was vibrant in her voice. Then she opened the bag which again dangled at her waist, and from it drew the yellow envelope.

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Winslow gave an exclamation of distress annoyance, but said nothing.

"Then you recognize this?" and there was haughty distrust again in her manner.

"I am sorry to say I do. May I ask how it came in your possession?"

His manner, too, was cold and peremptory.

She did not reply, and he continued: "The abominable mystery—for me surrounding that letter is bad enough without your being mixed up in it too; that I cannot bear."

With flashing eyes she returned: "It is true that this letter is none of my affair unless—unless we are to be friends. If we are," her voice dropped lower, "then surely I have the right to know why she—that half-breed Mrs. Charles E. Smith, of 22 Boyden St., Woonsocket, R. I., says: "My kidneys were weak from childhood, and for eight or ten years past my back was very painful and I had many annoying symptoms besides. When I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills I weighed only 120. To-day I weigh 165, and am in better health than for years. Doan's Kidney Pills have been my only kidney medicine during four years past. They bring me out of every attack."

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Established January 1, 1880

W. M. OSBAND, Editor and Proprietor  
The Ypsilantian is published each Thursday afternoon, from the office, Savings Bank Building, entrance from Congress street.

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\$3.50 for women \$4.00 for men

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Rapidly  
with our education of the people. We are teaching them that good quality

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is cheap at any price, and on the other hand inferior goods are dear no matter how low the cost.

You will find neither poor goods nor high prices here. This is a representative stock, and there is a large showing of

## Rockers

from the foremost makers.

We have adjusted prices at fair figures—we would be justified in calling them low—and you certainly can get the best value here.

Special Sale this week on Carpets, Art Squares and 0x12 Rugs, Draperies, Lace Curtains, 100-Piece Dinner Sets, and Fancy Pieces in China.

**WALLACE & CLARKE**  
Lax-ets 5 C Sweet to Eat  
A Candy Novelty.



FRANCIS T. NEWTON  
Republican Candidate for Sheriff.

It is well known that the sheriff's office has, from time immemorial, been the target for adverse criticism, so much so that people have come to accept the proposition that it deserves all it gets, without stopping to question whether the man holding it is doing his duty, or not. We have reason just now for calling a halt on the croakers, and demanding proof of their charges, in the case of our present sheriff, for instance, who has not escaped this belligerent attitude and as we are well convinced has suffered rank injustice at the hands of the faultfinders.

Sheriff Newton has done what no other sheriff has done, and that is he has kept a book account, itemized, of all he has received and paid out, and at the last meeting of the supervisors laid the whole matter before them, requesting the board to examine and audit his accounts.

The expense of his office is, far less than, under other sheriffs, and nothing can be found in the management to warrant the criticisms which some restless spirits, for political purposes, have published all over the county.

Take the matter of deputies. Those outside his office have cost the county, all told, the sum of \$555. Look over the supervisors' proceedings of other years and you will understand the economy the sheriff has practiced in this item alone. While he has been blamed for the hobo expense, yet, in truth, he was responsible in no particular. He had to take those, whether one or a hundred, who were sentenced to jail, and the expense was alarming, but the blame should rest on the constables and justices who worked the machine and not on the sheriff. Investigation further shows that they served the time for which they were sentenced, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding. Mr. Newton is fully vindicated by the facts.

The deputies who have immediate charge of the prisoners at the jail are paid a salary by the sheriff, but aside from this they have other duties, such as attending courts and capturing criminals which the county pays. For the entire year the charges for this service against the county have been a little less than \$800.

This record is a triumphant vindication of Sheriff Newton, and the people ought to show their appreciation by giving him a second term, backed by the largest majority the county is capable of.

The defeat of Mr. Newton will certainly show the people seriously indifferent to the just claims of a thoroughly honest and businesslike official. No friend of good government who investigates can well deny Mr. Newton a most hearty support.

Townsend at Ypsilanti, November 1

Congressman Charles E. Townsend will address the people of this vicinity on the issues of the day at the Ypsilanti opera house, Thursday evening, Nov. 1. It is needless to say that Mr. Townsend is one of the most effective speakers on the public platform to-day. He goes to the heart of the issues and clearly, sincerely and strongly presents them to his audience. Mr. Townsend has made the second district of Michigan a powerful factor in national affairs and he should have a large audience. The Townsend rally two years ago was one of the best ever held in this city, and all who heard the congressman became his hearty admirers.

Miss Kate Hopkins.

J. H. Hopkins received word last night of the death of his sister, Miss Kate Hopkins, of typhoid fever at her home in Denver, Col. Miss Hopkins was born in Ypsilanti 27 years ago and was at one time a teacher in our schools. She was a young woman of lovely character, and her parents, Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Hopkins, will have general sympathy. It is the first break in the family of nine children.

William Parker.

William Parker of Geddes died Tuesday after a long illness, aged 70 years. He was born in Buckinghamshire, England, and there married Miss Mary Lawly. In 1860 they came to their present farm near Geddes. Mr. Parker leaves a wife and six children—Mrs. W. H. Spooner and Fred Parker of Superior, Mrs. Ray Hinckley of Hamburg, Mrs. Mortimer Crittenden of Ypsilanti, and George and Miss Minnie Parker of Geddes.

We carry the famous Ball Brand, Mishawaka, Goodyear Glove, Boston Rubbers at very low prices.

C. D. O'CONNOR.

Auction.

WARREN LEWIS, the great auctioneer, will sell the Reeves residence, also the beautiful furniture, carpets, pictures, etc., Friday afternoon at 2:30, Oct. 26. Farmers should attend this sale. Sale at the residence, No. 614 W. Congress street, Ypsilanti.

Job Printing at The Ypsilantian

## Football.

The Ypsilanti and Ann Arbor high school football teams played off the interscholastic championship game Friday, Ann Arbor winning, 23 to 0. Ann Arbor outweighed Ypsilanti twenty pounds per man, but during the first half it was an even struggle, all the Ypsilanti boys putting up a game fight, and Kilian, Dean, Grant, McKay George and Baker doing specially clever work on defence and offense. Kilian's ankle was hit early so that it was impossible for him to make the daring runs and tackles, but he played a fine game throughout; despite his injury. The officials, Rowe, the track man, and Rowell from Ann Arbor were poorly versed in the new rules and failed to see many hurdles and offside plays on Ann Arbor's part, though finally the umpire penalized Ann Arbor severely for their seventh case of hurdling. In the second half, the Ypsilanti team was wearied and Ann Arbor put in some fresh star men, and in a few minutes Mann scored, Spauth kicking goal. It was growing dark and Ann Arbor's fine interference made it difficult to tell where the ball was, and Ann Arbor made star runs around end, Hutzel making 60 yards one time and Mann 50 another, both resulting in a touchdown. Spauth also made a score. Ypsilanti's chance to score came in the first half when they had held their opponents, who failed to make the distance in three tries. They also fumbled the ball and Baker saved it, but the referee took the ball from Ypsilanti on Ann Arbor's twenty-yard line, and gave it to Ann Arbor, despite the rules to which Head Linesman Witnire of the Varsity called his attention. Had Ypsilanti been given the ball as they should have been, they might have scored, as they were fresh and it was before Kilian was hurt. The Ypsilanti team played fine football throughout but was too light. Ypsilanti will not play Plymouth at Reinhart field Friday afternoon, Plymouth canceling the game.

The Normal College and the Flint Mutes played one of the fashionable o to games at Flint Saturday. This was the first real test of the most of the Normal men, and they put up a fair game. Coach Schulte will keep the men busy this week strengthening weak spots and to-day they play Detroit College. Roy Brown was elected captain of the team, an excellent choice.

The eighth grade teams of the Ypsilanti and Ann Arbor public schools had a very lively game here Saturday. The youngsters showed good ability and played a fast and plucky game. The visitors were far the heavier, and twice scored in the first half by long end runs by Ruehle and Tuomey, and once kicked goal, but in the second half Ypsilanti had all the best of it and was rushing the ball down the field towards the enemy's goal line when time was called. The Ypsilanti boys were: Starks and Welcome, ends; Barrowcliffe and McFall, tackles; Crossman and Nowlin, guards; Dolbee, center; Sweet, quarter; Lang and Pierce, halves; Freeman, fullback; Sweet and Crossman starred. Score, 11 to 0.

Church Services.

Baptist Church—Rev. A. J. Hutchins, pastor.

Morning service, 10; Sunday school, 11:30; Junior meeting, 3; evening service, 7.

Morning and evening sermon by the pastor.

Congregational Church—Rev. A. G. Beach, pastor.

Morning service, 10; Sunday school, Mr. Norris' student class in the Prophets, Prof. Bowen's class in social and ethical teachings of the Bible, 11:30; evening service, 7.

Morning topic, "The joys of discovery," evening, "The higher morality."

Free Methodist Mission—Rev. J. G. Anderson, pastor.

Free Methodist Mission, 316 Huron street. Services Tuesday and Friday evenings at 7; Sunday at 2:30 and 7.

German Lutheran church—Rev. Henri Luetjen.

Sunday morning service, 10; Sunday school, 11:30.

Methodist Church—Rev. Eugene Allen, pastor.

Morning service, 10:00; Sunday school, Dr. Hoyt's and Prof. Smelies' Bible classes, 11:30; Epworth League at 6; Juniors at 3; evening service, 7.

Morning topic, "Prayer as a factor in revival work." A Epworth League, an illustrated lecture on "China." Evening Rev. Eugene Allen will preach on "What the Bible says about choosing a career," with sub-topics: "Does chance decide? Square pegs in round holes; at the foot; at the top; some wrong ideas; drowned out; a stray five minutes; true success."

Presbyterian Church—Rev. C. C. McIn-

tie, pastor.

Morning service at 10; Sunday School, Mrs. Rankin's student class, 11:30; Junior C. E., 3; Adelphian Club and C. E., 6; evening service, 7.

Services in St. Luke's Church, Sunday

next, 20th Sunday after Trinity: Holy

communion, 8 a. m.; Morning prayer,

sermon, 10; Sunday school, 11:30 a. m.; Evening service, 7.

St. John's Catholic church—Rev. Frank Kennedy, pastor.

Low mass, 7:30; high mass, 10; Sunday school, 11:30; Vespers, 7:30. Morning service week days at 7:30.

St. Luke's Episcopal Church—Rev. Wm. Gardam, pastor.

Services in St. Luke's Church, Sunday

next, 20th Sunday after Trinity: Holy

communion, 8 a. m.; Morning prayer,

sermon, 10; Sunday school, 11:30 a. m.; Evening service, 7.

Christian Science services are held in

the basement of the Savings Bank Building, corner Congress and Huron streets, Sunday at 10:00 a. m., standard; Wednesday, 7:00 p. m. standard; Sunday school, 11:15 standard.

Christian Science reading room open daily from 2 to 5, except Sunday.

Subject of Lesson Sermon for Oct. 28, "Everlasting Punishment."

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